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Choice Poetry.

"NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries:
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;
The bee comes sipping every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast;
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronet of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;
A friendly beacon at Heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His hope on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The busy labor bee doth murmuring hum;
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I roam the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come;
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with dusty pinion sings—
"Not to myself alone I raise my song—
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings—
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore—
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide—
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the field with herb and flowret gay;
I sing unto the common bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone"—
Oh, man, forget not thou—earth's honored priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part!
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God;
Not to thyself alone!

Original Novelet.

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

The Cloud with a Silver Lining.

A STORY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY IRVING.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST SUNBEAM FROM UNDER THE CLOUD.

"Come to breakfast, every chick and child of you!" called in her shrillest tone the "forehanded" house-wife, dame Davenport, on that eventful morning.

The hungry flock thus adjured, lost no time in drawing up to the long table, now smoking with heaped dishes of beans, pork, and rye-and-Indian bread; while Mrs. Davenport still stood by the fire to superintend a supplementary dish of fried onions.

Suddenly the door opened—and in stepped a pale, wasted figure, like one who might have wandered from the place of tombs.

Knives and forks dropped. Dame Davenport, with a start, overset her frying-pan; and Reuben, in an awkward attempt to rise, overturned his chair at the feet of the intruder.

"Nancy Selwyn! what upon airth!" cried the dame. "Why, child! if you ain't clean gone crazy!"

Well might Mrs. Davenport wonder and exclaim; for it was the first time since Nancy's babyhood that her feet had crossed that threshold.

She made an attempt to speak; but she had already tasked her little strength too far.

"My mother!" she faltered, and fell fainting.

Reuben, who stood nearest, caught her in his strong arms, and laid her upon his mother's bed; where, by the virtue of "a burnt feather"—Mrs. Davenport's sovereign specific—she was soon revived.

"Oh! do go to my mother!" were her first hurried words.

Mrs. Davenport hastened to the cottage, and sent for the village doctor. He came, and exhausted his little skill in the case. Poor Ruth regained only partially the use of her senses. One of her sides was almost paralysed; and thus, though she lingered through months, without suffering, she lay helpless and childish, a stranded wreck on the shore of Life, which any wave might wash into the unfathomed ocean beyond.

To Nancy, this unlooked-for trial was like a trumpet sound from Heaven recalling her to the activity and the duty of life. Her youthful energies awakened from their long sleep; every torpid power of soul and body aroused and bestirred itself. The one who lay stricken there was the mother who had taken her in when parentless and friendless, and cared for her as mothers seldom care even for those of their own blood. More than that; it was William's mother—on whose head her devoted son would never have suffered a care to rest heavily, if he had returned to take back the trust his last words gave to his betrothed. For his sake more than for her own, Nancy grew strong again; and it was surprising how rapidly the invigorated mind imparted its strength to the bodily powers. In less than a month she insisted on dismissing all her mother's kind, neighborly attendants, declaring herself quite well enough to take charge of the house and the sick woman.

"But, girl alive! you don't know how lonesome you'll be!" exclaimed Mrs. Davenport, whose crotchety heart had long since been softened toward both the sufferers; and aunt Hepsy, too, demurred vigorously.

Nancy had her own views of the lonesomeness they deplored. Perhaps she looked for company "they wot not of"—at least, there was an unusual brightness in her eyes, as she quietly declined their urgent proffers, adding, however,

"Will you trust Bertha to me, Mrs. Davenport? I ask no better companion!" and she smiled something like her old smile upon the little face beneath hers.

"Nonsense—that child! Why, yes—take her if you want her—she can stay o' nights just as well here as at our house! But mind me, you'll get sick of it soon enough!"

Her good guardian had not been away during this new discipline. He gently urged her to share with his sister and himself her heavy charge—but she firmly, though as gently refused.

"I have thought it all over, thank you. But trust me, I can provide for the mother who has so long provided for me. I should have little to live for, if that were taken out of my hands. Only let me work out my own plans, dear minister Searl!"

The "great wheel" and "loom" had already resumed their places. In a few weeks, half the wool of the neighborhood was stored away under the cottage eaves, in piles of rolls; quite a summer's spinning. Persevering and indefatigable, Nancy went on, growing more active and cheerful with every passing day. She *did* not, to be sure, regain her former brilliancy of cheek, or contour of arm; a stranger might not have pronounced her beautiful. But those who knew her best, saw in her face a richer, fuller beauty than had dowered her thoughtless girlhood. *One*, at least, who had long humbly worshiped her as the Eastern devotee worships his bright, distant star, thought her a thousand fold more lovely than in her happier days.

By degrees, the old house came to look like itself again. With another Spring, roses blossomed by the door-stone, and swelling flower-seeds broke the softly-crumbled crust. Its mistress was reviving the tastes of her girlhood. Sometimes—though rarely unless called by necessity—she would walk out in the sunset hour she used to love, with old Brave beside her, and pluck a few white Spring violets—or perhaps simple white clover blossoms. She would wear none but *white* flowers.

Thus had she been straying one evening, when she returned to find her mother lying in a deeper lethargy than usual, and breathing heavily. The shadow of the death-angel's wing was upon her face. As Nancy hushed her breath to listen, a quick, but gentle convulsion shook the aged features—and they were fixed until the resurrection!

So Ruth Selwyn was gathered to the graves of her early-lost children, with tears or kind thoughts from all who had crossed her quiet track in life; and Nancy was left indeed alone.

Many were the plans kindly proposed for her future, within the two days preceding the funeral. She put aside all—even the warmly-seconded request from the parsonage.

"I shall stay here—at least for a *few* days," she said.

"But it won't *do*!" insisted dame Davenport. "A young girl like you! 'tis not to be thought of! I'll tell you what, Nancy—and you may as well think on it first as last; you'll have to go *out*;" (i. e., to service.)

Nancy raised her eyes, and fixed them on Mrs. Davenport with a look that for a moment reminded her of other days.

"Perhaps I *shall*," she sadly and steadily answered. "Please talk no more of my plans *now*!"

Late in the evening of that day, when the sun had given place to the stars, Nancy heard another plan proposed, and gave another denial—more regretfully than she had given those previously—for Reuben Davenport, unlettered and unpolished though he was, had a heart; and she had tasted its goodness. She wept herself to sleep by little Bertha's side that night—not, however, until she had matured a resolution that had long vaguely floated in her mind. "The roaring of the sea" had, for months and years, been ringing in her head. She determined to leave the circlet of hills within which her life had been spent, and to venture out alone into the world beyond.

In vain did her friends wonder and remonstrate—all except the good minister. He listened to her plan—and only answered,

"Work your own will, my child. Better anything than stagnation for a life time!" and he drew himself up as if to shake off some incubus.

It was a stormy March evening—her last in the cottage home. Bertha knelt by the side of her friend who was packing into a rude wooden box her scanty wardrobe, among the cheerless echoes of the desolated rooms. There upon the wall, was the imprint of the high old clock that had ticked away generations of years—now a silent tenant of the attic. Wheels, loom, settee and tables had accompanied it into exile. Nancy had steadily refused to part with any of the old furniture, though she designed to rent the cottage.

"What good could all that housekeeping trumpery do her," asked the neighbors, "if she really wouldn't be married, and would go off fortune-seeking?"

She only smiled, and glanced involuntarily through the "best room" window, where she had watched so many hours for William's second return.

This night, however, she spoke out her heart more fully to the child, her favorite.

"What are you going to do with Brave?" Bertha had asked, caressing the dog who eyed his mistress with a wistful, troubled gaze.

"Brave goes with me—I will not part from him while he lives!" said Nancy.

The sagacious dog lifted his shaggy head with an approving nod.

"*This*, too—do you remember, dear child?" asked Nancy, in a low tone, unfolding a paper. Bertha stopped in folding a parcel, and hesitated to reply.

"It is *his* last gift—brought by your hands, dear Bertha. You and Brave are very dear to me since that hour! Do you remember his face?" added she, drawing out a rudely-cut, unframed little profile in black silk; her only visible reminder of the beloved features.

"How could I ever forget!" sobbed Bertha.

"You must not forget!" said Nancy gravely; "and when he comes back, if it be in months or years, you must bring him to the cottage and send for me."

"When he comes back!" repeated Bertha, in a doubtful tone.

"Yes, child; I am not speaking wild words! My heart tells me he cannot yet be dead. He would have come to comfort me long ago—if—but no matter! Something rings in my ears continually 'He will come—he will come at last!'"

She sat for moments, listening apparently to the moaning March wind.

"Bertha," she said, at length, "you are yet a little one. But this is a world of trouble! When your hour comes to find it out—wherever *I* may be, call for me—send for me. I will come to help *you*! Till then, watch for me—and—for *him*!"

Another day—and the echoes were alone in Selwyn Cottage; while near by, among the rose-bushes, sat a lonely child, weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The sea—the sea! with its fresh breath—its never-hushed voice!

On a bleak ledge of rocks which overhung a low, sandy beach, stood a rudely-constructed light-house. It was known to the few fishermen of the coast as "Elliott's Light," from the name of the old keeper who had ministered to it for thirty years. A few half-finished rooms in the lower part of the cylindrical edifice accommodated the old man and his wife, who were now far down in the vale of years. She was a cripple with rheumatism; and he a bent, gray-haired old man. For months past he had felt that his knees would hardly serve him, a season longer, to climb that weary winding staircase; and he had applied to the founders of the light-house for assistance.

When, therefore, one misty morning, a young woman, with a pale face and quiet step crossed his door-way, and told her commission, he showed no surprise; but, receiving her as if she had always been an inmate of his dwelling, he gave the keys of the oil-cellar and light-chamber into her hands, and prepared to rest for a time from his severer labors.

So night after night, in calm and in storm, Nancy Selwyn mounted that screw-like ladder to kindle that eye of fire. When the winds were abroad, and the waves howling hoarsely at the foot of the building, in fancy she looked with its meteor glance far over the raging waters, speaking comfort to tossed and distressed mariners.

On calm, moonlit evenings, when the ebbing tide left the beach bare and glistening, she used to climb down the cliffs, with old Brave always at her side, and gather sea-weeds and bright shells by the hour; or oftener, sit wrapped in meditation, gazing over the blue, boundless expanse. She had so longed to bathe her spirit in its vastness. The chorus of "many waters" had been long ringing in her spirit's ear. It was calming to hear it in reality; to look daily, hourly on the face of the ocean, which had borne away her dearest treasure. Whither had it borne him? where—where, in earth or in Heaven could her thought find William? But the dumb, sullen billows gave back no answer; only a murmur as of many mighty voices, chanting in Nature's unsyllabled language the vesper song, "The sea is His—for He made it!" Often, too, she would answer herself by launching the fisherman's boat upon the rippling waters, and, with her dog as a guardian, row for miles over the waves. Her arms soon became skillful in this exercise, and she could wield an oar even against wind and tide.

"That rainbow has an ugly look!" said old Andrew Elliott one morning, as he saw Nancy contemplating with delight its softly-tinted arch in the West. "And you screaming things," he added, pointing to a flock of sea-birds wheeling around a half-sunken ledge of rocks a short distance out. "The 'line storm' is browing before its time, sure enough!"

And true to his prediction, long before night set in, the equinoctial gale came upon them in its fury. The old light-house creaked and swayed in every timber; the very cliffs shook with the rush of the thundering waves that surged higher and higher every hour until midnight. It was fearful to hear those relentless voices from the pinnacle whither Nancy mounted again and again that night, to trim afresh the lamp, flared by the wind which rattled at every pane, like a demon raging to destroy.

"Oh! what means this sinking at my heart?" cried Nancy, clasping her hands over her ears to shut out for a moment those deafening sounds. "Surely—surely, I fear something—I, who scarcely ever have known fear! yet this strange, instinctive looking for evil to come! When will this terrible night pass away?"

Descending, she found the old keeper, from force of habit, perched upon his high stool by the window, although not a speck was visible in the pitchy darkness without. The old crone sat in the corner of the small, smoking fire-place, and mumbled piteously,

"Lord save us! Such a night I've ne'er seen since my father's ship went to pieces off Half-way Rock, and every soul perished! The tide washed up their bodies next day, all battered and bruised."

Nancy shuddered at the picture. The old man interrupted her, screaming to make his voice heard above the elemental din.

"Talk of storms! You should have rounded Cape Horn in a line storm the like o' this! Ah, well! the White Swan was a likely ship, and stood out like a sea-gull; but twenty sail went to shivers in our sight—clean knocked up in that gale!"

"Heigh!" he ejaculated presently, starting from his seat, as a fresh outburst, like an unseen hand, dashed the spray even against the window beside him. "'Tis getting up above mark, this! What's o'clock, girl?"

"Ten minutes past midnight," answered Nancy, from beside the old clock in the corner.

"And the tide turns at a quarter—well—so much the better!" and he relapsed into his reverie. His old wife, resisting the entreaties of Nancy to lie down, sipped her basin of gruel; and then, folding a gray blanket closer about her crooked shoulders, see-sawed back and forth to a mournful crooning heard only in lulls of the blast.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed Nancy. Brave sprung up at the word, and with a short, quick bark, stood eagerly at his mistress's side.—"Hark! *that* is no roar of waters!"

"God help 'em! 'Tis the minute gun!" exclaimed the old sailor, after a moment of breathless listening.

"Oh! cannot we help them?" cried she.

He shook his head, and pointed out into the darkness. One glance was enough to show the utter hopelessness of any attempt. They must wait until the dawn.

"She's on the ledge!" he added, after a careful weighing of the muffled sounds that came to their ears. "She's out from the Point nor' nor'-east. Aye—it's a snaky place that! God save 'em, I say!" And in the fitful glare of the fire-light, the old woman sat swaying and crooning as before, but with a deeper wail in her manner and tone. Nancy crept into the clock-recess, fell upon her knees, and prayed with earnest tears.

Dawn came at last to that interminable night. The waves had retreated with the turning tide from the highest rock, though they still raged in unabated fury below. The sea was lashed into foam from cliff to horizon.

Nancy stood upon the verge, with streaming hair and garments, straining her eyes for a glimpse of the ill-starred ship. Dimly at last she perceived it—a dismasted hulk, thrown upon the hidden rocks just where the keeper had surmised.

"Oh, Andrew!" she cried, in agony, "help! There are living beings upon that wreck! Save them!"

"It's a risky job!" exclaimed the white-haired man, shaking his head, and drawing the sleeve of his rough coat across his eye-brows. "If I had the strong arm I once had—but 'tis no use—none in life!"

"*I* will go—my arm is strong! Only guide the boat for me! I *cannot* stand and see them perish! Andrew! have you a human heart?" she cried, passionately.

He gave no answer, but stood gazing stoically out upon the billows.

She hurried down to the spot where the boat lay moored; a strong skiff, well adapted to ride the surf. Her efforts to launch it were ineffectual, however—until old Andrew came limping down to her side with unusual energy.

"It shall ne'er be said that Andy Elliott left a woman to breast the surf alone, old man though he was!" he exclaimed, with spirit. "I tell you, girl, it's little use! but I know how the blood is stirring at your heart, and I'll not keep it back! We'll try our best—you and I; and come what come may, 'twill find old Andy ready!"

"Let us lose not a moment, then!" cried she; and seizing an oar, she would have sprung into the boat.

"Not *here*! is the girl wild!" thundered the sailor. "Not a blessed minute could you face *that* roller! Up the rocks—further! Here, now, we may venture."

In sprung Brave to the side of his adventurous mistress.

"Keep her steady—*steady*! Ha! hold strong! Now—mind your oars! Bear down upon her—but *not too near*! Hold!"

For a brighter line of foam glistened before them, marking the ledge on which the ship lay stranded. Between the crests of the waves loomed up the black, mournful hulk, to whose boom were clinging two figures—apparently those of a man and woman.

Dropping his paddle, old Andrew stood up in the boat, and by signs—for no human voice could have made itself heard there at even that short distance—besought them to trust themselves to the waves which were surging from the wreck toward the boat. Nancy still held her oars, and turned a beseeching glance to her comrade; but he shook his head with a decisive frown, and pointed to the rocks which every yawning wave left visible.

A few moments of agonized expectation followed. Then—surely *that* surge was crested with more than sea-foam!

Full against the boat's side drove a body, lashed to a spar. It was that of a woman, with long, drenched hair, and face whiter than the comb of the wave. In her arms she held a little form tightly clasped. Dashed resistlessly against the bow of the boat, she unclasped her arms, whether involuntarily, or from the violence of the shock—and was instantly swept from sight!

In an instant the noble old Newfoundland, true to his instinct, was struggling in the water. Soon he reappeared—but not with the woman. It was a child—a small boy, whom, closely grasping, he dragged to the side of the skiff. Nancy leaned over and seized the little corpse-like body with a sickening thrill at her heart.

"The woman! the poor woman!" she cried.

The dog looked in her face, and again plunged into the foam.

"*To shore!*" shouted the old man, who, with hand over his eyes, had been steadily watching the dog's progress. Dropping his arm he seized his paddle. They had already drifted some rods from the rocks.

"My dog! my Brave!" plead Nancy.

Old Andrew pointed to the ledge where the creature was last visible.

"Gone!" he shouted again, with a sad gesture; "*gone!* Pull in!"

A moment longer Nancy gazed; and then, aroused by a huge billow that nearly overset the boat, caught her oars and pulled for life. They had been carried too far downward by the waves, and were unable to guide the boat through the strong breakers. It was swamped—and only by the utmost exertion did Andrew succeed in rescuing Nancy and the child, to whose body she clung, from the grasp of the surf. Safe! safe again on land! and as they crouched, panting and gasping, upon the wet sand, the overturned boat drove against the rocks, and was shattered instantly into fragments!

"He lives—he breathes!" she cried, in a moment, turning to the child.

It was so, indeed; and joyfully lifting the saved one in her trembling arms, she carried him up the rocks to the warmth of the old woman's fire.

While she bent over him, chafing his chilled muscles back to life, the old man outside sat watching the beating billows. At intervals he went down, waded far into the water, and dragged some weight to the shore.

"'Tis no use!" he soliloquized, contemplating a hideous gash over the woman's temple, which must have caused instant death; "no use doing aught for *her*! And this man, too! the captain, maybe, by the look of him; (I dare say the vile tars took off the boat! Pray Heaven they got their deserts!) He is dead as dead can be—stiff and stark! Well-a-day!—we must all die some day! And the dog too, brave fellow! I could ha' spared a human as well, seems to me!"

Nancy came out, and clasped her hands over her eyes at the fearful sight.

"Is there no hope for them, Andrew?"

"You'd best go in and leave this business to me," was his abrupt reply. "How comes on the boy?"

"Well enough now, poor little fellow! It was a hard struggle to bring back his breath; but now he lies sleeping like a lamb. Poor Brave!"

Her eyes filled and her throat choked as she turned away from the companion of so many chequered hours—the gift of her lost William!

"Don't fret! he shall be buried like a Christian!" was the consoling remark of the old man. "Look, now, at this woman, if you have the nerve; and try whether you can make out her belongings. I take it she's something to the boy, maybe!"

Nancy stooped, and studied in awe the pale, fixed features. The eyes were closed, and fringed with long lashes of jet, that lay on the bloodless cheeks. An expression, hardly so much of momentary fear as of settled sadness, was written on her face. Her form was slightly bent—not, as Nancy at first surmised, from the effect of the blow, but from a natural deformity. She was slightly dressed, and enveloped in a wrapping gown. Upon one garment only could any mark be found; that bore simply the name "Evelyn."

On the third finger of her left hand sparkled a magnificent diamond. Nancy drew off the ring, and read within the initials, "H L. to E. L." Slipping it upon her finger, she resolved to keep it as a clue to the relatives of the child.

A crowd of fishermen soon gathered upon the beach. After the necessary formalities, the lifeless bodies were committed to hastily-dug graves; and the fishermen strolled off down the shore to look for further fragments or bodies which might be washed up. The rescued child, meantime, lay in a sort of lethargic sleep, from which he did not fully awake until the morning of the next day. As Nancy sat watching, by the rosy light of dawn, the heavily-veined temples and sea-browned cheeks set off by clustering golden-brown hair, which had evidently never been pruned, the little fellow lifted his purple lids, and, with a bewildered look into her face, called,

"Evelyn!"

Her voice, low and soothing as it was, seemed to frighten him. He started up, throwing off the carefully-tucked wrappings; and, with a look of wonder and distress, gazed around him, at the bare, smoked walls of the old building; at the coils of rope, sharks' teeth, and other curiosities, which garnished the brown rafters; and at the weazened figure of the little old woman who sat smoking her pipe in the corner. Bursting into tears, he sobbed out passionately,

"Evelyn! my Evelyn! come!"

"Hush, my darling!" tenderly began Nancy.

But neither words nor caresses could satisfy him. He sobbed and shouted away his little strength; and then lay grieving on the pillow, with his large, mournful, appealing eyes still searching about for what he found not.

Nancy took him in her arms, and carried him to the window, judging that a glimpse of the ocean might re-assure him. An exclamation of joy delighted her. But, on looking down, she saw that the little fellow's eyes were fixed not upon the waves, but upon the ring on her finger. He caught at it in a moment.

"Evelyn's! where Evelyn gone?" he questioned, in a tone as heart-touching, but less vehement than before.

"Ah, pretty boy! what can I tell you?" sighed Nancy. "How can I make you know the mystery of Death?"

"Evelyn! Where Roger?" began the little one again, with fresh-starting tears.

But this time he did not start from the arms of his kind new nurse, who pillowed his head upon her breast, and rocked him sadly to sleep.

No one appeared to claim the sole survivor of that wreck; who, after days of grief and watching for her whom he was to see no more on earth, forgot by degrees, as children do, his bereavement, and became a happy, bounding boy. He grew into Nancy's heart as not even little Bertha had done. The similarity of their fates—both stray leaves upon the ocean of life—gave him a very strong hold upon her sympathy. He could remember little of his four years' life, except what concerned the voyage, and the sweet "Evelyn" of whom he so often talked; and who might, judging from his expressions, have been mother, aunt or sister to the orphan. He talked, however, of Ayahs, of bananas, and of bazaars; and from these fragments of remembrance it was easy to gather that he was an India-born child.

"Roger H." was the name marked upon his single article of clothing when wrecked. He answered to it, seeming to find it perfectly familiar; but also claimed the name of "Harry," in a kind of confused way. So he was called "Roger Harry."

Nancy's heart warmed to him more and more daily and weekly.

"Thank God!" she said, often with tears of gratitude, as she knelt by his cot at night, "He has given me once more something to love and to live for!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SUNSHINE SPREADS ABROAD.

"Have you heard the news, neighbor Davenport?"

Thus exclaimed our old acquaintance, Hepsy Searl, one Saturday morning, as she burst unceremoniously into the dame's great cheerless kitchen.

On a low, three-legged stool, sat the goodwife, patching her goodman's Sunday coat; while in the corner, before a lazily-droning wheel stood Bertha; older, slenderer, and, if possible, plainer than when we last saw her, gazing with a listless, unsatisfied air through the uncurtained window.

"News? 'Tis likely! old news enough, by this time! You mean the family coming to the manor, hey?"

"Not I! That matter!—what care I for the manor-house and all its ghosts? But I tell you my brother has got a letter, and Nancy Selwyn is coming back to the cottage."

"*What!*" ejaculated Mrs. Davenport; and Bertha, snapping her roll, stepped forward with parted lips.

"'Tis true; and what is more, not alone. She has a little boy to fetch with her—a stray, picked up from some wreck or other. She has been in Boston this year, it seems, getting schooling—"

"As if she had not had enough and too much of *that*!" said Mrs. Davenport, with a contemptuous glance at her daughter, whose eye had kindled.

"Aye, my brother taught her well, to be sure," returned Hepsy, with satisfaction.—"But she has some plan in her head, and wants his assistance—so she wrote; and she is coming down to the old farm-house after New Years."

"Her head was always full of crotchets! She had better have married and settled down like other folks," said the dame, who, by the way, much as she opposed Reuben's wishes, never had quite forgiven Nancy's rejection of him. "What is a girl good for but to scrub and spin, and look after house matters? It's what *I've* been about all my life, and I'd like to see a daughter of mine setting up to be better than *me*!"

Another warning glance to the sensitive, thoughtful Bertha, who shrank back to her wheel in the corner.

"And how about the Brownells?"

"Oh, they are to be down in two or three weeks. Great doings we shall have then, I take it! Old Roger Brownell was a tight one! and they do say that his son is a true 'chip of the old block!' I, for one, wish they had stayed in their new nest! What's the use of bringing furrin manners among us quiet folk? Well, they may give themselves airs!"

"Mr. Roger used to have a pretty sister," said Hepsy, meditatively.

"Pretty enough, the conceited little minx! but she died long ago, and so did his wife, they tell me. No, thank goodness! there's no womankind among them to 'my lady' it over simple folk!"

"Young Mr Roger must be pretty well on in years?"

"Well enough on to fifty."

"I do hope," said the visitor, rising to leave, "that he'll not think of bringing back old times to the tenantry! They have come to feel as if the land was their own, by this time, as it ought to be!"

"Never you trust a Brownell!" rejoined Mrs. Davenport.

Upon the Wednesday following New Year's, a country sleigh halted upon the hill overlooking Selwyn Cottage and the valley below. Throwing back her muffler, Nancy Selwyn leaned forward to look once more upon the home of her childhood—the grave of her mother.

"Get up, pony!" chirruped little Roger, clapping his wee hands under the buffalo-robe. "Make the bells jingle again!"

"There be bells for you, my pretty man," remarked the driver, as the sound of a swiftly-approaching sleigh caused him to turn.

It was a coach upon runners—a more stylish vehicle than had been seen in Pocasset since the "old manor folks" went to parts afar.

"Oh, what a pretty golden stage!" cried Roger. "Nancy, look!"

Nancy dashed from her eyes the tears old associations had disturbed, and turned just as the coach swept by.

"The Brownells, to be sure," exclaimed her driver.

She caught a hasty glimpse of the face of a man past middle age, whose close mufflings by no means concealed its stern and scowling aspect—and of a fair, pale child lying asleep on the arm of a plainly-dressed woman—probably nurse or housekeeper. They held her attention but a moment from early remembrances. She sunk back into her seat, heedless of the delighted boy's joyous prattle.

"Drive," she faintly said, and covering her face, prayed for strength.

When she removed them at the ceasing of the bell-music, the old door-stone lay once more before her, but before her tremulous foot could again step upon it, she was tenderly lifted from the sleigh by a pair of strong arms, and carried over the threshold, when aunt Hepsy, vociferous as ever, welcomed her with a hearty kiss and a torrent of noisy ejaculations. As she turned to look up in the face of her friend, the minister, she caught the latent eyes of a pale, bashful face, which she would hardly have recognized elsewhere, so much had little Bertha changed since her protectress went away. Those eyes were full of tears, which rolled faster down the ungirlish cheeks as Nancy sprang forward to kiss them away.

"Why, Bertha, child! are you sorry to see me again?"

"Oh, *Nancy*!" reproachfully sobbed the girl, "indeed I cannot help it! I didn't mean to cry!"

"Come away, Nancy!" called little Roger, pulling at her dress. "This isn't a pretty house—and the folks are not pretty! Come, ride in the jingle-sled!"

"Let your Nancy alone, honey," exclaimed aunt Hepsy. "Pretty folks, indeed! I should like to know what a youngster like you, has to do with pretty folks! 'Pretty is that pretty does,' I can tell you—and if you want to be a pretty fellow, go and take off your mittens and socks, and hang them up on the jamb yonder to dry—there's a picter! Stop—here is a caraway cake!"

With which delicate morsel Master Roger seemed to recover his sense of the fitness of things—for he fidgetted no longer, but sat gravely munching, cap on head, and watching the troop of neighbors, who now flocked in to welcome or to gaze at the new comers. Not a few lighted upon him, pulled him about, and re-

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $1, if paid in advance, or if not paid in advance, $2. For six volumes, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city or to subscribers, and to the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies one to the getter up of the Club,)	$3.00	Per Annum.
10 " and one to the getter up of the Club,)	7.50	"
20 " and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15.00	"

Persons sending in Active Clubs of twenty or more names by the 1st of January, will be entitled to a Premium, as follows:

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be obtained, if practicable, and the money will then be collected from the drawee.

Post Masters and others sending for Clubs, ought, under a fear of having their names used in our address, when they can do so conveniently, to procure the Clubs and are invariably engaged at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A Rare Investment.—Our subscribers will wish before they go any more to subscribe for a paper out of this city. They will find much cheaper, and much better.

All persons writing on business to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. All letters should be post paid.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to which they are now receiving, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-Masters, or he not find inclined to make exertions to get up clubs, will at least show our Prospectus to other industrial and respectable persons who will be willing to do clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its TENTH-FOURTH year, and has between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers.

Upon the list of its subscribers are enrolled the names of Hon. Southwood, Gerald Greenwood, Rev. Dunbar, Mary Irving, Esqs. Ellwood, Allen Carey, Mayor Vaughan Fenton &c. &c. Besides all these *Great Greenwood will write for no other weekly paper.*

Among the original productions already engaged for the present year, we have the following:

The Orkin Sovereign, by Grace Greenwood,

The Hawk's Will, by Grace Greenwood,

Harry Harwyn; or, the Coxes were a Steven Lamyer, by Mary Irving,

Vitia, a Story of Life's Revenges, by Mrs. Smithbrick, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c. &c. &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of Miscellany, Comical Scenes and Letters, Pictures of Life in our own and foreign lands, Choice Selections from all sources, Descriptive Articles, General News and Resource Articles. Tate of the Parson and Sooke Makers, Rare News Low. Reports, &c. &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will allow, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

THE WILLIAMSON CASE.

We see that Judge Kane, presiding in the Circuit Court of the United States in lower Pennsylvania, has refused to discharge Kane, of the U. S. District Court, in relation to the part taken by Mr. Williamson of this city, in rescuing Col. Wheeler, of North Carolina, of that the latter should be sent to the penitentiary. We then remarked that we were unable to see in the case that very great "gravity" which it seemed to be felt by the Court in the mind of Judge Kane. But the case, has since been somewhat a new and serious aspect—involving the very existence of that cherished and important institution, the Trial by Jury. At a recent hearing in the case of Williamson, Judge Kane delivered an opinion, which contained as follows:

"It is enough that I find, as the case stands now, the plain and simple grounds of action therein, Mr. Williamson, has been guilty of the turned fruitfully and fully to the writ of habeas corpus, and thereby, and therefore committed for a contempt of the legal process of the Court.

As to the charge of "conspiracy," which is also preferred against which looks to a committal for purposes of trial, it is unnecessary, for, as I have said, I find the contempt sufficient.

Mr. Williamson, the respondent, in the meantime, will be entitled to enter into recognizance with sureties, or he may be remanded to the custody of the Marshal.

Before we proceed, we wish our readers to contrast the above, with the reported remarks of Judge Kane at the commencement of the first hearing—

Judge Kane said the case was one so grave, and the consequences so might be so very grave to the respondent, if he might not be entitled to the benefit of a patience, that he was desirous to conduct every step upon the case serious, as long time as reflection. In the meantime, had might be taken; it did not, he agreed that will willingly apply the bail bonds to the respondent, if he desired it, to have all the time for deliberation in such Club and at the same time, and deep reflection.

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SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamship Atlantic brings Liverpool dates to the 14th ult.

A despatch received from London at the moment of her departure, stated that Lord John Russell had tendered his resignation of the position he held in the Ministry.

There is nothing of importance from the seat of war.

Sebastopol had been subjected to two days' heavy fire, without effect. The besiegers were erecting immense works against the Malakoff Tower and Redan batteries. The besieged were erecting equally formidable works behind those defences.

The British Parliament was to be prorogued on the 10th of August.

The circumstances which led to the resignation of Lord John Russell, were the disclosures made by him with regard to his course at Vienna.

At the close of the debate on the subject, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton moved that the conduct of the Minister charged with the negotiations at Vienna, and his continuance in office as the responsible adviser of the Crown, have shaken the confidence which the country should place in those to whom the administration of public affairs is entrusted.

Previously to Lord John Russell's resignation, it was reported that if he did resign he would take the Grey section of the Cabinet with him, and then Lord Palmerston would fill the places with more decided men out of the Liberal ranks, and also that Lord Derby was coming in with another Coalition Cabinet.

The accounts relative to the crops in all parts of England are very favorable.

Queen Victoria will visit Paris on the 17th proximo.

On the 7th inst., Queen Victoria held an investiture of the Order of the Bath at Buckingham Palace. Admiral James (Black Sea) Dundas was knighted, and the Riband of the Bath was bestowed on him, as also on the Duke of Cambridge, Sir De Lacy Evans, Lords Lucan and Cardigan, Admirals Plumridge, Chads, Hornby, and numerous other officers.

Lieutenant General Sir George Brown departed for England from the Crimea on the 30th ult., on medical certificate.

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe, writing on the 11th of July, says:—

A host of silly rumors, most of them of German fabrication, supply the place of *bona fide* intelligence from Sebastopol, which all expect with so much anxiety. Gen. Simpson's despatch of the 8th, however, holds forth a prospect that many days will not now pass before news reaches us of a momentous character.—*It is confidently expected that before a fortnight is over, Sebastopol will be in our hands.*

Advices from St. Petersburg are not agreed about the health of the Emperor, who is variously represented as "spitting blood," "in an advanced stage of consumption," and as "taking much exercise," and undergoing fatigues which, to a man in a decline, must [illegible]

[illegible]

which I gave to the Emperor, our father. Comrades, I thank you for it. My brothers! large reinforcements are marching from all parts of our sacred Russia. They will soon be with us. Oppose, as you have hitherto done, your manly breasts to the fire of our impious enemies, and die as your comrades have died, with arms in your hands in honorable contest—man to man, breast to breast—rather than violate the oath which you have sworn to your country, to preserve our Sebastopol! Soldiers! the enemy is beaten—driven back with enormous losses. Your commander again thanks you in the name of the Emperor and of holy Russia. The time is near at hand when the pride of the enemy shall be overthrown—when his army shall be swept from our territory like straw before the wind. Until then, have faith in God, and fight for your Emperor and country.

("Signed) GORTSCHAKOFF."

PROCLAMATION OF GENERAL PELISSIER TO THE FRENCH ARMY.—The following order of the day has been addressed to the French army by its Commander-in-Chief:

"Soldiers! In the battle of the 18th our eagles were carried to the works which form the very precincts of Sebastopol; but it was necessary to abstain from carrying to the furthest a contest whose incidents I had not foreseen would be so bloody, and you returned to your lines in order, the enemy not daring to leave his entrenchments or disturb your return. Our actual situation is that of the day before the combat. My confidence in your ardor and in our success is the same. The arrivals of every day suffice, and more than suffice, to replace those among you who have gloriously fallen, and whom in your hearts you have sworn to avenge. We have gained ground, and in compressing the enemy more and more, we strike him with more certainty. He cannot subsist, fill up the gaps in his ranks, or provide himself with munition, but at the price of unheard of efforts; while we, masters of the sea, incessantly and plentifully renew our means.

"Soldiers! You will show yourselves more patient and energetic than ever in this obstinate contest, which will decide the peace of the world, and in which you have already given proof of self-devotion, bravery and patriotism, adorning your flag with immortal glory. I need not cite here any one individual out of so many brave men who honored their names in the heroic contest of June 18. At the general quarters before Sebastopol.

"A. PELISSIER, General in Chief.

"June 22, 1855."

IMMENSE REINFORCEMENTS FROM FRANCE.—We read in the *Courrier de Marseilles* of the 10th instant:—

If we are to judge from the preparations making at Marseilles and Toulon, there is little doubt that our army in the East will be soon considerably augmented. We are not going to send thither reinforcements to fill up the void occasioned by the war, by disease and furlough. An entire army is to be embarked, the effective force of which will amount to at least 50,000 men. We had been told that the divisions of Generals Renault and Courtigis were to be detached from the camp of Boulogne, and sent to the Crimea. This may be the case, but nothing official on the subject has yet transpired. We have, however, been credibly informed, that 20,000 men of the army of Lyons are to form part of the new expeditionary corps. A portion of those troops have even already commenced their movement. The brigade of General Sol, consisting of the 20th and 36th regiments of the line, has ere now left Lyons for Marseilles, where it is expected between the 10th and 15th, for immediate embarkation. The military authorities and the intendance are actively engaged in procuring means of conveyance for other regiments, which are to arrive in succession [illegible]

[illegible]

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

CONSIDERATION BETWEEN EIGHTY AND EIGHTY THOUSAND.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14, and 16 Ann Street, New York.
Of FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Of P. W. PEASE & Co., 28 West 4th St. Cincinnati.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY McHENRY & BELL, STOCK AND BILL BROKERS.

No. 100 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady:

[illegible]

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

CONTENTS.

[illegible]

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

EVERY READER

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED ALL OVER THE UNION

SMITH'S ILLUSTRATED ASTRONOMY.

[illegible]

ENGLISH ELASTIC ABDOMINAL BELTS, OR SUPPORTER.

[illegible]

C. H. NEEDLES.

[illegible]

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENN'A.

Located in Filbert St., above Eleventh, PHILADELPHIA.

[illegible]

FACULTY.

[illegible]

FIRST PREMIUM SEWING MACHINES!

GROVER, BAKER & CO.'S

[illegible]

THE GREAT BOOK OF THE YEAR.

SEND FOR ONE COPY, AND TRY IT AMONG YOUR FRIENDS. WORK FOR ALL, AND WORK THAT PAYS.

[illegible]

HAYDOCK & FIDLER'S WATCH AND JEWELRY EMPORIUM,

[illegible]

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS, FOR AUGUST.

[illegible]

TERMS.

[illegible]

BOOK AGENTS, ATTENTION.

[illegible]

THE CHEAPEST WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER-WARE

[illegible]

BOOK AGENTS

[illegible]

ABBOTT & LAWRENCE, LIBERTY STOVE WORKS, AND HOLLOWARE FOUNDRY,

PHILADELPHIA.

[illegible]

BALD HEADS.

[illegible]

A. W. RAND

[illegible]

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED German Bitters,

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, Philada., Pa.,

WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE,

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED!!

[illegible]

NOTICE TO BOOK AGENTS.

[illegible]

OIL CLOTHS!

[illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

[illegible]

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES, TOO,

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY

[illegible]

HOWARD'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE,

[illegible]

RHODES'S FEVER AND AGUE CURE.

[illegible]

"BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE."

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

DOUBT.

Selected Articles.

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.—The Summer Garden of St. Petersburg presents a most animated appearance, which it shares with no other that I am aware of, save with the garden of the Tuileries in Paris. Like the former, and unlike the garden of the Tuileries, this garden is the rendezvous par excellence of the most charming children, who repair thither, accompanied by their mothers and nurses, to people the solitary walks, and make the shrubberies resound with their buoyant mirth.

Fifteen or sixteen years later, these children reappear upon the same scene, but, alas! the light which here settles thoughtless, and to play a more serious game. On Whitesunday afternoon are there to be seen, ranged in long rows, seated in the shade, and often imbedded with costly jewels, the daughters of the nobility and clergy of Petersburgers. Harrowing is the aspect of the display. It is a show of brides.

Young bachelors, disposed to marry, now walk up and down the line of damsels, critically inspecting them as they pass. Should their eye indicate that they have made a choice, a matchmaking friend of the young lady's corps out of the rear rank, joins the would-be-lover, and first finds out who he is through the garden, informing him of the girl's circumstances, her family connections, pecuniary qualities, &c., and obtaining from him similar information concerning himself. Should this so far seem to be understanding that the consent of the lady and her parents to serious remarks is to be solicited, the matchmaker conducts her candidate to the mother, who introduces him to her daughter, invites him to lay tea, and a wedding in the course of the month of the acquaintance then regularly commenced. Odd as it may seem, especially from their mode of introduction, marriages thus entered into in the opening impressive, and apparently pleasant, are by no means rare, for the most part, productive of much happiness. This is, certainly, attributable, in great measure, to the fact that a Russian girl of the middle class expects very little from his wife: she the richer he is, the less he expects.

The qualities and accomplishments which a German of the same class takes into consideration when selecting a wife, such as education, economy, and the like, the Russian trouble him not his head. A rich husband of the middle class requires nothing from his wife but that she should be handsome, dress with taste, appear elegantly attired the first thing in the morning, and sit all day long upon the sofa, doing nothing, or, at most, reading a novel or setting a purse. He detests to see his wife busied with domestic matters. These are occupations for servants, and should the mistress of the house make them hers, she would lower herself and her husband's eyes, but in those of all around her.—To sit in state and receive company in the Russian lady's sole business. Under these circumstances, the selection of children is of course much less attended to than more desirable. The boys, however, regularly attend the schools, or are sent to board at educational institutions, and as to the girls, that which is wanting in the one or the other, is, as we have already seen, no very great little, that they could scarcely be more bestowed upon their bringing up, it nevertheless is found sufficient. But I certainly do not advise my German friends to seek a wife at St. Petersburg's Whitesuntide Festival.

Wedding presents are not customary in Russia. On the other hand, there is a long-standing matrimonial custom which has been preserved, with some variations, to the present day. I am morning not acquaintance, who boasted of me with unusual precipitation.

"Whither away in such haste?" I asked. "I have no time to spare," was the reply; "I have bread and salt to buy."

"Bread and salt! Have you not both at home?"

"I will tell you another time."

At our next meeting I received an explanation. From time immemorial there has existed among the Russians a custom that a person changing his house should receive from each one of his acquaintance a loaf and some salt. The meaning of the usage may possibly be the knotty wish—May you never in your new dwelling be in want of the two necessaries of life! As the people became more polished and refined, they brought the salt in a silver basket, and the bread on a plate or in a basket. Later still, when cupboards and sideboards for those unadorned receptacles were exchanged for costly ones. The simple gift of bread and salt was presented in boxes and baskets of silver and gold. And at the present day the bread and salt are still preserved, and the custom stands for the contents. To avoid encumbering, the salt-box is replaced by a costly vase, the bread-basket by a service of plate, and other rich present. There is no change, however, in the formula of presentation. Although so unique, by varied humility, the exaggeration and extravagance of the gift, the offer never fails to be kindly accompanied by "Bread and Salt."—*Jerrmann.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLE LIKELY.—It is true that there is a great deal of beauty in fame here and there, displayed by the ladies of the city of New York, though principally by young people, and those of the middle class. But very small are the demands made upon a man of fortune by such beauty as compared with what would take place in England! Here are no great laws, and in consequence no penalties; and, as a further consequence, no imprisonment for keepers and watchers to be maintained, nor any elaborate devices to prevent escape. There is no hunting, and consequently no need for a squadron of light horse, under the manner of mounted police, lieutenant, and corporal—or for a menagerie of dogs, who devour cold, hound and horse-meat, and need a whole parish. What on earth, then, can a man of fortune do with his money, but keep public benefactors? He has but two fine bad and decent wives, one of an Englishman, the wish to found a family that shall last forever. So, if he do not like his lady-love particularly, he may just as well leave his money to found a college.

EF" A modest contemporary calls veal "an isolated toast!" This is pretty good; but why not extend the comparison? Suppose we term lamb "incipient mutton," and consequence pig "premonitory pork?"

Country Scenes.

A DAY'S FISHING AND A RUN WITH A FRIEND'S HOUND.

Owner of Attached Quadruped (frantically). — Let him go! Give him line! Hold on! Take care! I'm coming with the boating set!"

A RAPID AND FEW DESTROY.—One day last week, while in the vicinity of Peak Hill, we observed a little steam-tug puffing with the laborious task of towing a large raft of pine logs, a raft so large that the little steam-tug which bowed it was as a fly to the ox which it tormented. The logs were all large,—big trees, that in their native forlornness, but winter, brought the profane speculation as to the time the hand of the woodman who felled them, with the little thermometer far down below the freezing point. They were cut from the forests of the Susquehanna River, in Pennsylvania, and were run down that stream during the spring freshet which annually occurs there with the melting of the snow. Arrived at Port Deposit, and fifty miles down, assembled that close on to downward current; then, broken by into convoys of middle size, a boom has been formed to catch them as they were towed through the water. Section after section has been added together, as the boom grew, the whole mass of timber to its destination in the city. A floorpossess vast treasure logs, rafts, and fleets of timber, from to-four feet in length, and almost thirty feet square. They are secured compactly by wooden pins, fastening them to cross poles, and on the log of this immense superstore of timber is raised an equally capacious dwelling. The reader, probably, conjectures that it was designed for every one of our ship-yards; but he is very much mistaken, for here was more pine timber than would be required for a dozen ordinary ships, or the largest frigate that ever floated. We were wrong. The middle raft was purchased by a ship-master to be converted into coal-barges and lumber vessels! This is an absolute fact, and gives a tangible idea of the immense amount of timber annually entirely lost